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TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1918.

Praying and Believing

At a gathering of citizens, which crowded the board room of the District building, it was determined last night to inaugurate a daily moment of universal prayer in the Capital.

The noon hour was settled upon as the time when the ringing of bells should summon all to a devout thought and a supplication for strength and success for our Government and our men in arms and our allies.

Some of us are going to find ourselves a little rusty in our supplications. The prayers our mothers taught us have grown a little indefinite in memory and indistinct in form.

This, however, should not prevent any person from joining in this public and universal appeal for those things which are for the greatest good of the whole world.

Christ speaking to his disciples at Jerusalem as chronicled in Matthew XXI:22, said:

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

In this daily prayer let us bear in mind the word, "BELIEVING," and seek, KNOWING that we shall find.

The Brilliant Work of the American Marines in France

At the First Opportunity to Teach the Germans How the Yankees Can Fight, They Gave an A1 Demonstration.

Every American is proud of the Marines.

In the fighting on the new battle line these gallant sea-soldiers attacked the Germans so valiantly, that the foe was driven back for two miles.

Not content with that, they swept on, taking two more towns, and inspiring the enemy with a wholesome fear of American fighting methods.

Every arm of the service will, of course, fight brilliantly in this war.

But to the Marines has come the first opportunity. And they have met it in a fashion to awaken the enthusiasm not only of every American, but of the British and French fighting men as well.

For many years the Marines were the policemen of our newly extended ocean frontiers.

Wherever there was trouble, there they were dispatched. They were a small corps, but trained in the school of experience, and composed of men who liked to fight and to fight hard, when the fight was made for their country.

Almost as soon as the trouble started in Haiti or in the Philippines or on any other shore where the natives plotted and executed violence against resident Americans, the Marines were on the spot.

In came the cruiser or battleship to the harbor. Forth went the boats, carrying the Leathernecks to shore.

And however great was the resistance, however outnumbered was the landing party, the trouble was ended very speedily.

When we entered the great war the ranks of the Marines were instantly swelled by large numbers of volunteers.

Under Lieutenant General Barnett the men were swiftly and efficiently trained, and within a few months the recruits had caught the wonderful fighting spirit of the corps, and were ready for anything that might happen.

They were landed in France with the first American troops, and were among the first to be sent to the battle line.

They were in action in the first German drive at Amiens, fighting bravely side by side with their English and French allies.

Now they are in action on the Marne, and the Germans are finding to their cost how hard the Marines can fight.

It is particularly to the credit of the Marines that, though their training hitherto has been for small fights, they are able to go into the greatest battle in all history and make good in such a brilliant fashion.

Americans everywhere will be proud of the achievements of these amphibious fighting men, and no Americans will be prouder than the bluejackets who have sailed with them, or the troops of other branches of the army, who will soon have the same opportunity to distinguish themselves.

INDORSES A WAR ANGELUS

To the Editor of The Times:

Permit me to indorse the beautiful suggestion in your issue of May 28 by Mr. Earl Godwin entitled "An Angelus for the War." It is a beautiful custom in vogue for centuries by pious church people and was the inspiration of Millet's beautiful picture, "The Angelus," known and admired in prints all over the world. At home I live under the shadow of the church bell, and we are awakened every morn at 6 by the sweet, solemn sound of the Angelus bell, inspiring us to prayer and a greeting for the dawn of another day.

In these anxious days, when reports from abroad are not very encouraging, we should place our confidence in the Almighty Power and storm the gates of Heaven with our aspirations and petitions for peace with victory. Our church at home rings the Angelus three times daily, morning, noon and night. I have seen boys at baseball stop, remove their caps and say a prayer, and then resume playing. May your beautiful thought become a reality and draw down upon this maddened world the benediction of an All Wise Providence.

S. T. RANGER.

Two Women--One "All Highest"



He calls himself "All Highest," and he would be just that—among the gorillas of the Gaboon region.

In this picture there are two women—allegorical—with whom the "All Highest" deals.

One, Russia, is just where he wants her, with her neck under his heel.

The other, on the left, does not intend now or later to duplicate the little picture above on the right.

The Kaiser said, "I will not stand any nonsense from America."

He will not be asked to stand any NONSENSE. But he will stand a good many bullets, a good many explosive

shells, the efforts of a good many millions of men, and the spending of a great many billion dollars.

And when the fighting, the spending and the war are done, he and his people will stand the consequences of his murder expedition—and they will not be pleasant.

Soon the factories of Germany will stop making instruments of murder, resume regular manufactures and look about for markets.

Then will come their "after the war" problem.

Those that used to buy materials marked "Made in Germany" will remember that this war also was "made in Germany"—those three words will not spell prosperity outside of the German Empire, as they did once.

Celebrities Pay High For Their Neglect

By WINIFRED BLACK.

HE was just passing through, the Celebrity.

Only going to be in town a few days, don't you know, and such a lot to do, and so many people to see, and telephone calls, and, of course, you couldn't expect—So one or two of us went to a luncheon just on purpose to see her and say, "How-do-you-do?" and "How well you're looking!" and "Do say you're homesick once in a while—for us."

We saw her, and we said it, and she said, "Oh, how do you do?" "How sweet of you," and "Well, of course, I've outgrown things a bit, don't you see?" I'll telephone you tomorrow. Let's get together and have a good visit."

But she was only passing through, and she didn't get time to telephone, after all, which was rather fortunate, to be quite plain about it, for her old friends were not going to be at home when she did telephone.

Sorry for Her.

One of the old friends is a man, brilliant, clever, successful—he

had rather an affair with the Celebrity once, and he has done a great deal to help her to be a Celebrity—but her new husband doesn't like him, and so, of course, don't you see? You couldn't really blame her, could you?

One of her other friends isn't so rich. He had a good deal of money once, but now he just has good friends and plenty of them, and a pleasant, uneventful life—the Celebrity didn't let him know she was in town, and that really was odd, because when she wasn't a Celebrity at all, but was only trying to be, the man who isn't so rich now was very kind to her, indeed, and helped her in every way he could. When he heard she had been in town and hadn't had time to telephone him, he smiled a rather sad little smile and said:

"Well, I remember the time when she was just quite so busy," and that was all.

One of the other friends the Celebrity didn't see more than a minute was a woman who had been her most intimate friend and adviser and companion in the days of her anxiety and struggle.

The other friend is a woman.

clever, generous, sweet, and affectionate. She really loved the Celebrity, and was so delighted when she heard she was coming to town that she could hardly sleep the night before.

She refused two or three invitations for the week, saying that her old friend was coming, and she wanted to give all her time to her—and then the old friend didn't want to see her, after all.

You see, the other friend has been ill, and has lost her husband, and isn't as gay as she used to be, and the Celebrity always did hate black, anyhow.

Poor Celebrity! I'm not cross with her. I'm sorry for her.

The Lonely Tree. If she were very young, one could understand it. Very young people seldom know the difference between what is important and what is of no importance at all—but the Celebrity is past youth in experience, in knowledge of the world, and in years, too.

Poor woman! How blind she must be to live this long and not to know by now that friends and real friendship are the only jewels in this life that are worth gaining—and keeping.

What does she do with her heart I wonder? How does she live without any real and deep and genuine affection, and gratitude and memory?

Poor creature! I saw a man pruning a great tree this morning, a beautiful tree, with spreading branches. But the grass and flowers would not grow this spring if the branches grew too wide, the old gardener said, and so he lopped them off cruelly and relentlessly, even the top branch, where the birds used to sing and carol.

All now the tree stands bereft of all its beauty, stark and desolate—I can't bear to look at it.

I wonder if the Celebrity would see that that tree is like her—right now, with all her friends cut down and thrown away to suit some passing convenience of the passing hour.

What a short road it is we tread in this world of change and passing. How can we bear to pass one single friend along the roadside without a handshake and a look of frank and honest friendship?

I'm glad I'm not a Celebrity—I'd hate to pay such a bitter price for being one.

Why the Strike?

It Ought to Be Easily Settled Because It Seems to Be Based on a Misunderstanding.

By EARL GODWIN.

Washington is likely to go dirty; and the health of the overcrowded population may be menaced because of a strike of city employees.

Street cleaning and refuse collecting men are in the majority in the coterie of laborers who feel they have a grievance against the municipal government of the National Capital. If they remain away from work too long they will have accomplished a dangerous thing; they will have created a menace against the health of the main war shop and will be credited with working in opposition to the best interests of their Government.

Let us look into the causes for the strike:

Matters of pay are not involved at this present time.

Some of the men presented a pay increase request before the Commissioners a few days ago, and were told to go back to work, and that the matter would be settled satisfactorily.

But when these men did go back to work, unfortunately twenty of them at the sewage pumping station had to be laid off because the appropriation of money for those particular jobs had expired. The money had been used up.

The use of an appropriation is well known in this city. It requires little explanation, but the heads of the labor organization thereupon declared that if so much coal had not been bought there would have been enough money to keep the men on the pay rolls. And the District officials, on the other hand, tell the men to get back to work on other jobs.

The strike leaders, through representatives, issue statements demanding the OLD jobs and declare, in the face of expert contradiction, that the appropriations can be so twisted as to allow this.

So the strike does not seem to have a very firm foundation. It, therefore, should be very easily settled, as the walk-out seems to be based on a misunderstanding and not on a real grievance.

If the strike leaders are sincere and have the interest of the men at heart they will get down to a working basis with the Commissioners as soon as possible. Once the public gets the idea that the health of the city is being menaced because of a slight misunderstanding all sympathy for the strikers will be gone.

HEARD AND SEEN

Slow Business.

Ever try to get into the War Department when the official in charge of approving passes is at lunch? One day last week, I am told, that people had to wait two hours.

Thanks, George!

"It is indeed very gratifying to note that you and your worthy paper have accomplished the right way driving along the Speedway. Night-time driving down there, facing the glare of the many lights going the wrong direction, was no pleasure. You are surely to be congratulated for the speedy way in which the matter was handled. I want to be just one of thousands to congratulate you."

"GEORGE W. BABCOCK."

When Did It Occur?

"Your correspondent who wrote that he was a pupil of S. J. in 1882-83 and went from there to the Patent Office fire is mistaken in his dates. The fire occurred in the middle '70s, for I went to it from the Seaton School. Am I right?"

"NORTHERN LIBERTIES."

—From this Column.

No, kid, you ain't right. That Patent Office fire occurred in the young '80s.

At that time most of the north side of "F," between Ninth and Tenth, was a vacant lot, owned by St. Patrick's Church.

PATRIARCH.

Over at the District building to see a lot of the folks; and I was disappointed NOT to find MAJOR DAN DONOVAN in uniform, but I suppose he has ordered it and the shoulder straps are being polished up with diamond dust.

MARION HARGROVE is just now the busiest man in the world, as he is getting up his annual buying order for everything the District of Columbia buys. By the way, Marion says he went to Strong John Thomson; and furthermore, Marion declares the Patent Office fire was in the summer of 1876, "because he went to it."

CHIEF WAGNER of the Fire Department is taking a vacation and Deputy Chief Sullivan is on the job.

Who Remembers?

The sensation caused by the first appearance in Washington of "The Black Crook"?

And who remembers when De Wolf Hopper had the leading part in a musical comedy entitled "The Hundred Wives."

When and where were these plays staged? I have forgotten. This ought to stir up Mr. Mudd and other old stage fans.

REGINALD DE UFFORD, Alexandria, Va.

CHARLIE FOSTER is up from Occoquan trying to get some wall paper for his bedroom. Charlie is the new superintendent. He reports everything flourishing and says he has a thousand and six hogs in the pig pen. Looks like living was going to be good at his place this fall, believe me, I DO like bacon.

Speaking of Occoquan, when ALONZO TWEEDEALE was running the place temporarily, he came near losing a cement worker who was getting three dollars and a half a day. The officers at Camp Humphries offered the man NINE DOLLARS AND A HALF a day, but Tweedale talked him out of going.

Which makes me think Alonso is SOME talker.

Well! Well! Well! They are still going to Marshall Hall, and here's a notice from CHARLIE BOTELER saying that the Eastern High School Alumni will take that well-known riverside resort by storm on June 13.

High Meat Prices

I desire to personally express my appreciation of your genuinely helpful work in publishing the meat prices of New York and here. I am quite convinced that Washington surpasses any other city in this country for downright shyness in market prices. I lived for twenty years in New York city prior to coming here in 1909 and know something as to the comparisons you make. When one considers the high rentals paid for shop and store facilities in New York compared with here, a still greater disparity is shown. Continue the good work you are doing, and I am sure the gratitude of all right thinking people will be given you. I am told a nest of produce brokers are the real manipulators behind the game.

ELIJAH E. KNOTT,

1436 G St. N. W.

ALL Washington is invited to the Columbia Country Club Saturday at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock to see a golf match and exhibition playing by the four best players to be found in the country. EVERYBODY welcome. Let's make it the biggest crowd that ever watched a golf match anywhere on earth.

The players will be Chick Evans, open champion, our own Fred McLeod, 1908 champion; Walter C. Hagen, Rochester, 1914 champion, and James Barnes, of Denver, Western champion.

Is This an Injustice?

There is before Congress a "Minimum Wage Bill," introduced by Representative Nolan and Senator Johnston. They are identical in character; they propose to give to Government employees who work a full day \$3 per day and others in proportion to their labor. There is, however, a clause in the bill exempting from its benefits all employees who shall not have been in the service two years continuously. This we consider a very unjust clause. It would disqualify thousands of employees from its benefits who are facing the same economic conditions as the more favored employees. We have the same landlords, grocers, butchers, and dealers of all kinds to contend with. We have the same homes, wives and children. We can not see the justice of this discrimination.

JOSEPH E. EVANS,

President National Watchmen's Association.

Polliness 100 Per Cent

JIM BRYAN, who crossed the State of New Jersey in a few minutes in a ninety h. p. automobile one night last week, reports considerable courtesy from the farmers in the Jersey applejack belt.

At two o'clock in the morning, in the middle of a rain storm, Jim ran out of gas.

So he pounded on a farm house door until a courtly old farmer awoke, surveyed the situation without loss of temper, and then awoke his son and bade him lie under the family Ford and drain off all the gas and stuff it into Jim's car.

